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Monday, 12:40 pm
October 29, 1984

Dear SRP:

After an unusually hot and muggy day, the rains arrived an hour ago and brought relief. No doubt the current mild spell must be a boon to certain churchmice without running or heated water.

I have fond memories of my visit. How would you feel about Thanksgiving together? You may have other plans, but it strikes me as a good idea. Let me now quickly.

If Reagan is reelected, I won't have a great deal to be thankful about.

The enclosed article from the New Yorker had to be sent your way for a double reason. I recall you were once involved with the Tolstoy circle, perhaps when you were aide de camp to Rosina Lhevine. No? Anyway, it's also about a family reunion (the Tolstoy family), so there you have it.

I hope the stones you've lately been kicking, if any, by way of refuting other people's propositions, have been soft. Or something like that.

→ "Centennial" - pp. 36-39
The New Yorker, 10-22-1984

called WBN around 9 P.M. and left a message on his machine to the effect that it appears that Thanksgiving 1984 will be too confusing in Carbondale to

make it possible for him & me to spend the day together. No other day HRP, when asked by SRP if she were going to "sponsor" a Thanksgiving dinner at the Golf Course, replied that she was thinking that the whole family should go out to eat at Reber's (?) in Narrowsburg. What a dramatic departure from tradition. My guess is that the Narrowsburg possibility will not come to pass.

- Around 10 P.M., RGT stopped by with a fist full of CHSM renewals. Excellent. We drank coffee. He left after mid-night.

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"In a democracy, you believe it or not; in a dictatorship, you believe it or else."

Laurence J. Peter
(1919-)
Peter's Quotations

Tuesday
November
1984

Election Day

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No substitute calls. I was "sure" that I would be called ce matin. Got up at 10 A.M. & prepared myself a rather sumptuous breakfast: potatoes fried in some bacon drippings; celery, garlic, ^{green} onion & two eggs fried in the same pan. Two very bracing & substantial cups of tea. Spent several hours at my desk, catching up on my journal. It is now 12:45 P.M. and I am "up to date" -- which is a good feeling certainly.

November at Elkdale --

The leaves have all fallen off -- every one of them. The mountains have taken on an entirely new aspect -- wonderful gradations of gray & ashy-blue; and at night I can now see lights at about seven farm/residences that are not visible when the leaves are on the trees. Throughout the countryside, in fact, one sees things, many things, that are not visible when the leaves are on the trees. I have a wonderful sense of clean-ness here now: I always have, but now that the grounds have been tidied up the serenity of clean-ness and open-ness and freedom is great. It is beginning to get cold and I am happy to report that SRP is managing very nicely: the tent & the oil filled electric radiator are truly my salvation, as is the electric blanket. I have never yet turned the electric blanket on more than about "4" -- out of a possible "10", and so there is a lot